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THE
MISTAKE.
A
COMEDY.

Written by
Sir ^KJOHN VANBRUGH.



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MDCCCLVI.

THE
TESTAKE

A
COMEDY

BY
JOHN DRUM





PROLOGUE,

Written by Mr. STEELE.

Spoken by Mr. BOOTH.

OUR Author's Wit and Rallery to-night
Perhaps might please, but that your Stage-delight
No more is in your Minds, but Ears and Sight. }
With Audiences compos'd of Bells and Beaux,
The first Dramatick Rule is, Have good Clothes,
To charm the gay Spectator's gentle Breast, }
In Lace and Feather Tragedy's express'd,
And Heroes die unpity'd, if ill-dress'd. }

The other Stile you full as well advance;
If 'tis a Comedy, you ask——Who dance?
For oh! what dire Convulsions have of late
Torn and distracted each Dramatick State,
On this great Question, which House first should sell
The New French Steps, imported by Ruel?
Desbarques can't rise so high, I must agree,
They've half a Foot in Height more Wit than we.
But tho' the Genius of our Learned Age
Thinks fit to dance and sing quite off the Stage,
True Action, Comick Mirth, and Tragick Rage;
Yet as your Taste now stands, our Author draws
Some Hopes of your Indulgence and Applause.
For that great End this Edifice he made,
Where humble Swain at Lady's Feet is laid;

PROLOGUE.

*Where the pleas'd Nymph her conquer'd Lover spies,
Then to Glass Pillars turns her conscious Eyes,
And points a-new each Charm for which he dies.*

*The Muse, before nor terrible nor great,
Enjoys by him this awful gilded Seat :
By him Theatric Angels mount more high,
And Mimick Thunders shake a broader Sky.*

*Thus all must own, our Author has done more
For your Delight, than ever Bard before.
His Thoughts are still to raise your Pleasures fill'd ;
To Write, Translate, to Blazon, or to Build.
Then take him in the Lump, nor nicely pry
Into small Faults, that 'scape a busy Eye ;
But kindly Sirs, consider, be to-day
Finds you the House, the Actors, and the Play :
So, tho' we Stage-Mechanick Rules omit,
You must allow it in a Whole-sale Wit.*



EPILOGUE,

Written by Mr. Motteux.

I*M thinking, now good Husbands are so few,
To get one like my Friend, what I must do.
Camillo ventur'd hard; yet at the worst,
She stole Love's Honey-Moon, and try'd her Lover first:
Many poor Damsels, if they dar'd to tell,
Have done as much, but have not 'scap'd so well.*

EPILOGUE.

'Tis well the Scene's in Spain; thus in the dark,
 I shou'd be loth to trust a London Spark.
 Some Accident might, for a private Reason,
 Silence a Female, all this acting Season.
 Hard Fate of Woman! Any one wou'd vex,
 To think what odds, you Men have, of our Sex.
 Restraint and Customs share our Inclination,
 You Men can try, and run o'er half the Nation.
 We dare not, even to avoid Reproach,
 When ye're at White's peep out of Hackney-Coach;
 Nor with a Friend at Night, our Fame regarding,
 With Glass drawn up, drive about Covent Garden.
 If poor Town-Ladies steal in here you rail,
 Tho' like chaste Nuns, their modest Looks they veil;
 With this decorum, they can hardly gain
 To be thought Virtuous, even in Drury-Lane.
 Tho' this you'll not allow, yet sure you may
 A Plot to snap you, in an honest Way.
 In Love-Affairs, one scarce would spare a Brother:
 All cheat; and married Folks may keep a pother,
 But look as if they cheated one another. }
 You may pretend, our Sex dissembles most,
 But of your Truth none have much cause to boast:
 You promise bravely; but for all your Storming,
 We find you're not so valiant at performing.
 Then sure Camillo's Conduct you'll approve:
 Wou'd you not do as much for one you love?
 Wedlock's but a blind Bargain at the best,
 You venture more sometimes, to be not half so blest,
 All soon or late, that dangerous Venture make,
 And some of you may make a worse Mistake.





Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Don <i>Alvarez</i> , Father to <i>Leonora</i> .	Mr. <i>Betterton</i> .
Don <i>Felix</i> , Father to <i>Lorenzo</i> .	Mr. <i>Bright</i> .
Don <i>Carlos</i> , in love with <i>Leonora</i> .	Mr. <i>Booth</i> .
Don <i>Lorenzo</i> in love with <i>Leonora</i> .	Mr. <i>Husbands</i> .
<i>Metaphrastus</i> , Tutor to <i>Camille</i> .	Mr. <i>Freeman</i> .
<i>Sancho</i> , Servant to <i>Carlos</i> .	Mr. <i>Dogget</i> .
<i>Lopez</i> , Servant to <i>Lorenzo</i> .	Mr. <i>Pack</i> .
A Bravo.	

W O M E N.

<i>Leonora</i> , Daughter to <i>Alvarez</i> .	Mrs. <i>Bowman</i> .
<i>Camillo</i> , suppos'd Son to <i>Alvarez</i> .	Mrs. <i>Harcourt</i> .
<i>Isabella</i> , her Friend.	Mrs. <i>Porter</i> .
<i>Jacinta</i> , Servant to <i>Leonora</i> .	Mrs. <i>Baker</i> .



T H E

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THE
MISTAKE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *the Street.*

Enter Carlos and Sancho.

CARLOS.

Tell thee, I am not satisfy'd, I'm in love enough to be suspicious of every body.

San. And yet methinks, Sir, you should leave me out.

Car. It may be so; I can't tell: but I'm not at ease. If they don't make a Knave at least they'll make a Fool of thee.

San. I don't believe a word on't: But good faith Master, your Love makes somewhat of you; I don't

A 5

know.

know what 'tis; but methinks when you suspect me, you don't seem a Man of half those Parts I us'd to take you for. Look in my Face, 'tis round and comely, not one hollow Line of a Villain in it: Men of my Fabrick don't use to be suspected for Knaves; and when you take us for Fools, we never take you for wise Men. For my part, in this present Case, I take my self to be mighty deep. A Stander-by, Sir, sees more than a Gamester. You are pleased to be jealous of your poor Mistress without a Cause, she uses you but [too well, in my humble Opinion; she sees you, and talks with you, 'till I am quite tir'd on't sometimes; and your Rival that you are so scared about, forces a Visit upon her, about once in a Fortnight.

Car. Alas, thou art ignorant in these Affairs, he that's the civilly'st receiv'd is often the least car'd for: Women appear warm to one, to hide a Flame for another. *Lorenzo* in short appears too compos'd of late to be a rejected Lover, and the Indifference he shews upon the Favours I seem to receive from her, poisons the pleasure I else should taste in them, and keeps me on a perpetual Rack. No——I would fain see some of his jealous Transports, have him fire at the sight o'me, contradict me whenever I speak, affront me where-ever he meets me, challenge me, fight me—

San. —Run you through the Guts.

Car. —But he's too calm, his Heart's too much at Ease, to leave me mine at Rest.

San. But, Sir, you forget that there are two ways for our Hearts to get at ease; when our Mistresses come to be very fond of us, or we——not to care a Fig for them. Now suppose upon the Rebukes you know he has had, it should chance to be the latter.

Car. Again thy Ignorance appears: Alas, a Lover who has broke his Chain will shun the Tyrant that enslav'd him. Indifference never is his Lot; he loves or hates

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II

hates for ever ; and if his Mistress prove another's Prize he cannot calmly see her in his Arms.

San. For my Part, Master, I'm not so great a Philosopher as you be, nor (thank my Stars) so bitter a Lover, but what I see? — that I generally believe ; and when *Jacinta* tells me she loves me dearly, I have good Thoughts enough of my Person never to doubt the Truth on't. See, here the Baggage comes.

Enter Jacinta with a Letter.

Hist ! *Jacinta* ! my Dear.

Jacin. Who's that ! Blunderbuss ! Where's your Master ?

San. Hard by.

[*Shewing him.*

Jacin. O, Sir, I'm glad I have found you at last ; I believe I have travell'd five Miles after you, and could neither find you at home, nor in the Walks, nor at Church, nor at the Opera, nor——

San. Nor any where else, where he was not to be found : if you had look'd for him where he was, 'twas ten to one but you had met with him.

Jacin. I had, Jack-a dandy !

Car. But, pr'ythee, what's the matter ! Who sent you after me ?

Jacin. One who's never well but when she sees you, I think ; 'twas my Lady.

Car. Dear *Jacinta*, I fain would flatter my self, but am not able : the Blessing's too great to be my Lot : Yet 'tis not well to trifle with me ; how short soe'er I am in other Merit, the Tendernefs I have for *Leonora* claims something from her Generosity. I should not be deluded.

Jacin. And why do you think you are? methinks she's pretty well above board with you, what must be done more to satisfy you ?

San.

San. Why *Lorenzo* must hang himself, and then we are content.

Jacin. How! *Lorenzo*?

San. If less will do, he'll tell you.

Jacin. Why, you are not mad, Sir, are you? Jealous of him! Pray which way may this have got into your Head? I took you for a Man of Sense before.

—Is this your Doings, Log? [To *Sancho*.

San. No, forsooth, *Pert*, I'm not much given to Suspicion, as you can tell, Mrs. *Forward*—If I were, I might find more cause; I guess, than your Mistress has given our Master here. But I have so many pretty Thoughts of my own Person, Housewife, more than I have of yours, that I stand in dread of no Man.

Jacin. That's the way to prosper; however, so far I'll confess the Truth to thee; at least if that don't do, nothing else will. Men are mighty simple in Love-matters, Sir: When you suspect a Woman's falling off, you fall a plaguing her to bring her on again, attack her with Reason, and a sour Face: Uddlife, Sir, attack her with a Fiddle, double your good Humour—give her a Ball—powder your Periwig at her,—let her cheat you at Cards a little, and I'll warrant all's right again. But to come upon a poor Woman with the gloomy Face of Jealousy, before she gives the least Occasion for't, is to set a complaisant Rival in too favourable a Light. Sir, Sir, I must tell you, I have seen those have ow'd their Success to nothing else.

Car. Say no more; I have been to blame, but there shall be no more on't.

Jacin. I should punish you but justly however for what's past, if I carry'd back what I have brought you; but I'm good-natur'd, so here 'tis; open it, and see how wrong you tim'd your Jealousy.

Car. [Reads.] *If you love me with that Tenderness you have made me long believe you do, this Letter will*

be welcome ; 'tis to tell you, you have leave to plead a Daughter's Weakness to a Father's Indulgence: and if you prevail with him to lay his Commands upon me, you shall be as happy as my Obedience to them can make you.

Leonora.

Then I shall be what Man was never yet; [*Kissing the Letter.*] Ten thousand Blessings on thee for thy News, I could adore thee as a Deity. [*Embracing Jacin.*]

Jacin. True Flesh and Blood, every Inch of her, for all that.

Car. [*Reads again.*] *And if you prevail with him to lay his Commands upon me, you shall be as happy as my Obedience to them can make you.*

O happy, happy Carlos! But what shall I say to thee for this welcome Message? [*To Jacinta.*] Alas! I want Words——But let this speak for me, and this, and this, and—— [*Giving her his Ring, Watch, and Purse.*]

San. Hold, Sir; pray leave a little something for our Board Wages. You can't carry 'em all, I believe: [*To Jacinta.*] Shall I ease thee of this?

[*Offering to take the Purse.*]

Jacin. No; but you may carry——That, Sirrah,

[*Giving him a Box o' th' Ear.*]

San. The Jade's grown Purse-proud already.

Car. Well, dear Jacinta, say something to your charming Mistress, that I am not able to say my self: But, above all, excuse my late unpardonable Folly, and offer her my Life to expiate my Crime.

Jacin. The best Plea for Pardon will be never to repeat the Fault.

Car. If that will do, 'tis seal'd for ever.

Jacin. Enough; but I must be gone; Success attend you with the old Gentleman. Good-by t'ye, Sir.

[*Exit Jacin.*]

Car. Eternal Blessings follow thee.

San.

San. I think she has taken them all with her; the Jade has got her Apron full.

Car. Is not that *Lorenzo* coming this way?

San. Yes, 'tis he; for my part now I pity the poor Gentleman.

Enter Lorenzo.

Car. I'll let him see at last I can be chearful too. Your Servant, Don *Lorenzo*; how do you do this Morning?

Lor. I thank you, Don *Carlos*, perfectly well, both in Body and in Mind.

Car. What! Cur'd of your Love then?

Lor. No, nor I hope I never shall. May I ask you how 'tis with yours?

Car. Increasing every Hour; we are very constant both.

Lor. I find so much Delight in being so, I hope I never shall be otherwise.

Car. Those Joys I am well acquainted with, but should lose them soon, were I to meet a cool Reception.

Lor. That's every generous Lover's Case, no doubt; an Angel could not fire my Heart but with an equal Flame.

Car. And yet you said you still lov'd *Leonora*.

Leo. And yet I said I lov'd her.

Car. Does she then return you——

Lor. Every thing my Passion can require.

Car. Its Wants are small, I find.

Lor. Extended as the Heavens.

Car. I pity you.

Lor. He must be a Deity that does so.

Car. Yet I'm a Mortal, and once more can pity you. Alas, *Lorenzo*, 'tis a poor Cordial to an aching Heart,

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Heart, to have the Tongue alone announce it happy; besides 'tis mean, you should be more a Man.

Lor. I find I have made you an unhappy one, so, can forgive the Boilings of your Spleen.

Car. This seeming Calmness might have the Effect your Vanity proposes by it; had I not a Testimony of her Love would (should I shew it) sink you to the Center.

Lor. Yet still I'm calm as ever.

Car. Nay, then have at your Peace. Read that, and end the Farce. [*Gives him Leonora's Letter.*]

Leo. [*reads.*] I have read it.

Car. And know the Hand?

Lor. 'Tis *Leonora's*; I have often seen it.

Car. I hope you then at last are satisfy'd.

Lor. I am, [*smiling.*] Good-morrow, *Carlos.*

[*Exit Lor.*]

San. Sure he's mad, Master.

Car. Mad? say'st thou?

San. And yet, by'r Lady, that was a sort of a dry sober Smile at going off.

Car. A very sober one! Had he shewn me such a Letter, I had put on another Countenance.

San. Ay, o' my Conscience had you.

Car. Here's Mystery in this—I like it not.

San. I see his Man and Confident there, *Lopez.* Shall I draw him on a *Scotch* Pair of Boots, Master, and make him tell all?

Car. Some Questions I must ask him; call him hither.

San. Hem, *Lopez*, hem!

Enter Lopez.

Lop. Who calls?

San. I, and my Master.

Lop. I can't stay.

San.

San. You can indeed, Sir. [*Laying hold on him.*]

Car. Whither in such haste, honest *Lopez*! What! upon some Love-Errand?

Lop. Sir, your Servant; I ask your pardon, but I was going——

Car. I guess where; but you need not be shy of me any more, thy Master and I are no longer Rivals; I have yielded up the Cause; the Lady will have it so, so I submit.

Lop. Is it possible, Sir? Shall I then live to see my Master and you Friends again?

San. Yes; and what's better, thou and I shall be Friends too. There will be no more fear of Christian Bloodshed I give thee up *Jacinta*; she's a slippery Housewife, so Master and I are going to match ourselves elsewhere.

Lop. But is it possible, Sir, your Honour should be in earnest? I'm afraid you are pleased to be merry with your poor humble Servant.

Car. I'm not at present much dispos'd to Mirth, my Indifference in this Matter is not so thoroughly form'd; but my Reason has so far master'd my Passion, to shew me 'tis in vain to pursue a Woman whose Heart already is another's. 'Tis what I have so plainly seen of late, I have rous'd my Resolution to my Aid, and broke my Chains for ever.

Lop. Well, Sir, to be plain with you, this is the joy-fullest News I have heard this long time; for I always knew you to be a mighty honest Gentleman, and good Faith it often went to the Heart o' me to see you so abused. Dear, dear, have I often said to myself (when they have had a private Meeting just after you have been gone)——

Car. Ha!

San. Hold, Master, don't kill him yet.

[*To Car. aside.*]

Lop.

Lop. I say I have said to myself, what wicked things are Women, and what pity it is they should be suffer'd in a Christian Country; what a shame they should be allow'd to play Will-in-the-Wisp with Men of Honour, and lead them thro' Thorns and Briars, and Rocks, and rugged Ways, till their Hearts are torn in Pieces, like an old Coat in a Fox-Chase? I say, I have said to myself——

Car. Thou hast said enough to thyself, but say a little more to me: Where were these secret Meetings thou talk'st of?

Lop. In sundry Places, and by divers Ways; sometimes in the Cellar, sometimes in the Garret, sometimes in the Court, sometimes in the Gutter; but the Place where the Kifs of Kisses was given was——

Car. In Hell

Lop. Sir!

Car. Speak, Fury, what dost thou mean by the Kifs of Kisses?

Lop. The Kifs of Peace, Sir; the Kifs of Union; the Kifs of Consummation.

Car. Thou ly'st, Villain.

Lop. I don't know but I may, Sir. —— What the Devil's the Matter now? [Aside.

Car. There's not one Word of Truth in all thy cursed Tongue has utter'd.

Lop. No, Sir, I——I——believe there is not.

Car. Why then didst thou say it, Wretch?

Lop. O——only in jest, Sir.

Car. I am not in a jesting Condition.

Lop. Nor I —— at present, Sir.

Car. Speak then the Truth, as thou wouldst do it at the Hour of Death.

Lop. Yes, at the Gallows, and be turn'd off as soon as I've done. [Aside.

Car. What's that you murmur?

Lop. Nothing but a short Prayer.

Car.

Car. I am distracted, and fright the Wretch from telling me what I am upon the Rack to know. [*Aside.*] Forgive me, *Lopez*, I am to blame to speak thus harshly to thee: Let this obtain my Pardon. [*Giving him Money.*] Thou seest I am disturb'd.

Lop. Yes, Sir, I see I have been led into a Snare; I have said too much.

Car. And yet thou must say more; nothing can lessen my Torment, but a farther Knowledge of what causes my Misery. Speak then! Have I any thing to hope!

Lop. Nothing; but that you may be a happier Bachelor, than my Master may probably be a married Man.

Car. Married, say'st thou?

Lop. I did, Sir, and I believe he'll say so too in a Twelvemonth.

Car. O Torment!—But give me more on't; when, how, to who, where?

Lop. Yesterday, to *Leonora*, by the Parson in the Pantry.

Car. Look to't, if this be false, thy Life shall pay the Torment thou hast given me: Be gone.

Lop. With the Body and the Soul o' me. [*Ex. Lopez.*]

San. Base News, Master.

Car. Now! my insulting Rival's Smile speaks out: O cursed, cursed Woman!

Enter Jacinta.

Jacin. I'm come in haste to tell you, Sir, that as soon as the Moon's up, my Lady'll give you a Meeting in the Close-Walk by the Back-Door of the Garden; she thinks she has something to propose to you will certainly get her Father's Consent to marry you.

Car. Past Sufferance! this Aggravation is not to be borne: go, thank her—with my Curses: Fly—and let them blast her, while their Venom's strong.

[*Exit Car.*
Jacin.]

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Jacin. ——— Won't thou explain? What's this storm for?

San. And dar'st thou ask me Questions, smooth-fac'd Iniquity, Crocodile of *Nile*, Siren of the Rocks? Go, carry back the too gentle Answer thou hast received; only let me add with the Poet;

*We are no Fools, Trollop, my Master, nor me;
And thy Mistress may go — to the Devil with thee.*

[*Exit* Sancho.]

Jacinta sola.

Am I awake! ——— I fancy not; a very idle Dream this. Well: I'll go talk in my Sleep to my Lady about it; and when I awake, we'll try what Interpretation we can make on't. [*Exit.*]



ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Camillo and Isabella.

Ifab. **H**OW can you doubt my Secrecy? Have you not Proofs of it?

Cam. Nay, I am determin'd to trust you; but are we safe here? Can no body overhear us?

Ifab. Safer much than in a Room. No body can come within hearing, before we see them.

Cam. And yet how hard 'tis for me to break Silence?

Ifab. Your Secret sure must be of great Importance.

Cam. You may be sure it is, when I confess 'tis with Regret I own it e'en to you; and were it possible, you should not know it.

Ifab. 'Tis frankly own'd indeed; but 'tis not kind, perhaps not prudent; after what you know I already am acquainted with. Have I not been bred up with you? And am I ignorant of a Secret, which were it known—

Cam. Wou'd be my Ruin, I confess it wou'd. I own you know why both my Birth and Sex are thus disguis'd; you know how I was taken from my Cradle to secure the Estate, which had else been lost by young *Camillo's* Death; but which is now safe in my suppos'd Father's Hands, by my passing for his Son; and 'tis because you know all this, I have resolv'd to open farther Wonders to you. But before I say any more, you must resolve on Doubt, which often gives me great Disturbance; whether Don *Alvarez* ever was himself privy to the Mystery which has disguis'd my Sex, and made me pass for his Son?

Ifab. What you ask me, is a thing has often perplex'd my Thoughts, as well as yours, nor could my Mother ever resolve the Doubt. You know when that young Child *Camillo* dy'd, in whom was wrapp'd up so much Expectation, from the great Estate his Uncle's Will (even before he came into the World) had left him; his Mother made a Secret of his Death to her Husband *Alvarez*, and readily fell in with a Proposal made her to take you (who then were just *Camillo's* Age) and bring you up in his room. You have heard how you were then at Nurse with my Mother, and how your own was privy and consenting to the Plot; but *Don Alvarez* was never let into it by 'em.

Cam. Don't you then think it probable his Wife might after tell him?

Ifab. 'Twas ever thought, nothing but a Death-bed Repentance cou'd draw it from her to any one, and that was prevented by the Suddenness of her Exit to t'other World, which did not give her even Time to call Heaven's Mercy on her. And yet, now I have said all this, I own the Correspondence and Friendship I observe he holds with your real Mother, gives me some Suspicion, and the Presents he often makes her (which People seldom do for nothing) confirm it. But since this is all I can say to you on that Point, pray let us come to the Secret, which you have made me impatient to hear.

Cam. Know then, that tho' *Cupid* is blind he is not to be deceiv'd: I can hide my Sex from the World, but not from him; his Dart has found the way thro' the manly Garb I wear, to pierce a Virgin's tender Heart——I love——

Ifab. How!

Cam. Nay, ben't surpriz'd at that, I have other Wonders for you.

Ifab. Quick, let me hear 'em.

Cam. I love *Lorenzo*.

Ifab.

Ifab. Lorenzo! Most nicely hit. The very Man from whom your Imposture keeps this vast Estate; and who on the first Knowledge of your being a Woman would enter into Possession of it. This is indeed a Wonder.

Cam. Then wonder farther still, I am his Wife.

Ifab. Ha! his Wife!

Cam. His Wife, *Isabella*; and yet thou hast not all my Wonders, I am his Wife without his Knowledge: he does not even know I am a Woman.

Ifab. Madam, your humble Servant; if you please to go on, I won't interrupt you, indeed I won't.

Cam. Then hear how these strange things have pass'd: *Lorenzo*, bound unregarded in my Sister's Chains, seem'd in my Eyes a Conquest worth her Care. Nor cou'd I see him treated with Contempt, without growing warm in his Interest: I blam'd *Leonora* for not being touch'd with his Merit; I blam'd her so long, till I grew touch'd with it myself: And the Reasons I urg'd to vanquish her Heart, insensibly made a Conquest of my own: 'Twas thus my Friend, I fell. What was next to be done, my Passion pointed out; my Heart I felt was warm'd to a noble Enterprize, I gave it way, and boldly on it led me. *Leonora's* Name and Voice, in the dark Shades of Night, I borrow'd, to engage the Object of my Wishes. I met him, *Isabella*, and so deceiv'd him; he cannot blame me sure, for much I blest him. But to finish this strange Story: In short I own, I long had lov'd, but finding my Father most averse to my Desires, I at last had forc'd myself to this secret Correspondence; I urg'd the Mischiefs wou'd attend the Knowledge on't, I urg'd them so, he thought them full of weight, so yielded to observe what Rules I gave him: they were to pass the Day with cold Indifference, to avoid even Signs or Looks of Intimacy, but gather for the still, the secret Night, a Flood of Love to recompense the Losses of the Day. I will not trouble you with

With Lovers Cares, nor what Contrivances we form'd to bring this Toying to a solid Bliss. Know only, when three Nights we thus had pass'd, the fourth it was agreed shou'd make us one for ever; each kept their Promise, and last Night has join'd us.

Isab. Indeed your Talents pass my poor Extent; you serious Ladies are well form'd for Business: What wretched Work a poor Coquet had made on't? But still there's that remains will try your Skill; you have your Man but——

Cam. Lovers think no farther, the Object of that Passion possesses all Desire; however I have open'd to you my wondrous Situation. If you can advise me in my Difficulties to come, you will. But see—My Husband!

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. You look as if you were busy, pray tell me if I interrupt you, I'll retire.

Cam. No, no, you have a Right to interrupt us, since you were the Subject of our Discourse.

Lor. Was I?

Cam. You were; nay, I'll tell you how you entertain'd us too.

Lor. Perhaps I had as good avoid hearing that.

Cam. You need not fear, it was not to your disadvantage; I was commending you, and saying, if I had been a Woman, I had been in danger; nay I think I said I shou'd infallibly have been in love with you.

Lor. While such an If is in the way, you run no great risque in declaring; but you'd be finely catch'd now, shou'd some wonderful Transformation give me a Claim to your Heart.

Cam. Not sorry for't at all, for I ne'er expect to find a Mistress please me half so well as you wou'd do if I were yours.

Lor.

Lor. Since you are so well inclin'd to me in your Wishes, Sir, I suppose (as the Fates have ordain'd it) you wou'd have some pleasure in helping me to a Mistress, since you can't be mine yourself.

Cam. Indeed I shou'd not.

Lor. Then my Obligation is but small to you.

Cam. Why, wou'd you have a Woman, that is in love with you herself imploy her Interest to help you to another?

Lor. No, but you being no Woman might.

Cam. Sir, 'tis as a Woman I say what I do, and I suppose myself a Woman when I design all these Favours to you: Therefore out of that Supposition, I have no other good Intentions to you than you may expect from any one that says, he's—Sir, your humble Servant.

Lor. So unless Heav'n is pleas'd to work a Miracle, and from a sturdy young Fellow, make you a kind-hearted young Lady, I'm to get little by your good Opinion of me.

Cam. Yes; there is one means yet left (on this side a Miracle) that wou'd perhaps engage me, if with an honest Oath you cou'd declare, Were I a Woman, I might dispute your Heart, even with the first of my pretending Sex.

Lor. Then solemnly and honestly I swear, that had you been a Woman, and I the Master of the World, I think I shou'd have laid it at your Feet.

Cam. Then honestly and solemnly I swear, henceforwards all your Interest shall be mine.

Lor. I have a Secret to impart to you will quickly try your Friendship.

Cam. I have a Secret to unfold to you, will put you even to a fiery Trial.

Lor. What do you mean, *Camillo*?

Cam. I mean that I love, where I never durst yet own it yet where 'tis in your power to make me the happiest of—

Lor.

Lor. Explain, *Camillo*; and be assur'd, if your Happiness is in my Power, 'tis in your own.

Cam. Alas! you promise me you know not what.

Lor. I promise nothing but what I will perform; name the Person.

Cam. 'Tis one who is very near to you.

Lor. If 'tis my Sister, why all this Pain in bringing forth the Secret?

Cam. Alas! It is your——

Lor. Speak!

Cam. I cannot yet; farewell.

Lor. Hold! Pray speak it now.

Cam. I must not: But when you tell me your Secret, you shall know mine.

Lor. Mine is not in my power, without the Consent of another.

Cam. Get that Consent, and then we'll try who best will keep their Oaths.

Lor. I am content.

Cam. And I. Adieu.

Lor. Farewel.

[Exit Lorenzo.]

Enter Leonora and Jacinta.

Leo. 'Tis enough: I will revenge myself this way if it does but torment him, I shall be content to find no other Pleasure in it. Brother, you'll wonder at my Change; after all my ill Usage of *Lorenzo*, I am determined to be his Wife.

Cam. How, Sister! so sudden a Turn? This Inequality of Temper indeed is not commendable.

Leo. Your Change, Brother, is much more justly surprizing; you hitherto have pleaded for him strongly, accus'd me of Blindness, Cruelty and Pride: and now I yield to your Reasons, and resolve in his Favour, you blame my Compliance, and appear against his Interest.

B

Cam.

Cam. I quit his Service for what's dearer to me, yours: I have learn'd from sure Intelligence, the Attack he made on you was but a Feint, and that his Heart is in another's Chain; I would not therefore see you so expos'd, to offer up yourself to one who must refuse you.

Leo. If that be all, leave me my Honour to take care of; I am no Stranger to his Wishes, he won't refuse me, Brother, nor I hope will you, to tell him of my Resolution: If you do, this Moment with my own Tongue (thro' all a Virgin's Blushes) I'll own to him I am determin'd in his Favour — You pause as if you'd let the Task lie on me.

Cam. Neither on you, nor me; I have a Reason you are yet a Stranger to: Know then, there is a Virgin young and tender, whose Peace and Happiness so much are mine, I cannot see her miserable; she loves him with that Torrent of Desire, that were the World resign'd her in his stead, she'd still be wretched: I will not pique you to a Female Strife, by saying you have not Charms to tear him from her; but I would move you to a Female Softness, by telling you her Death would wait your Conquest. What I have more to plead is as a Brother, I hope that gives me some small Interest in you; whatever it is, you see how I'd employ it.

Leo. You ne'er could put it to a harder Service. I beg a little Time to think: Pray leave me to myself a while.

Cam. I shall; I only ask that you would think, and then you won't refuse me. [Ex. Cam.]

Jacin. Indeed, Madam, I am of your Brother's Mind, tho' for another Cause; but sure 'tis worth thinking twice on for your own Sake: You are too violent.

Leo. A flighted Woman knows no Bounds. Vengeance is all the Cordial she can have, so snatches at the nearest. Ungrateful Wretch! to use me with such Insolence.

Jacin.

Jacin. You see me as much enraged at it, as you are yourself, yet my Brain is roving after the Cause, for something there must be; never Letter was receiv'd by Man with more Passion and Transport; I was almost as charming a Goddess as yourself, only for bringing it. Yet, when in a Moment after I come with a Message worth a Dozen on't, never was Witch so handled; something must have pass'd between one and t'other, that's sure.

Leo. Nothing could pass worth my enquiring after, since nothing could happen that can excuse his Usage of me; he had a Letter under my Hand which own'd him Master of my Heart; and till I contradicted it with my Mouth, he ought not to doubt the Truth on't.

Jacin. Nay, I confess, Madam, I han't a Word to say for him, I'm afraid he's but a Rogue at bottom, as well as my Shameless that attends him; we are bit, by my Troth, and haply well enough serv'd, for listening to the glib Tongues of the Rascals: But be comforted, Madam; they'll fall into the Hands of some foul Sluts or other, before they die, that will set our Account even with 'em.

Leon. Well: Let him laugh; let him glory in what he has done: He shall see I have a Spirit can use him as I ought.

Jacin. And let one Thing be your Comfort by the way, Madam, that in spite of all your dear Affections to him, you have had the Grace to keep him at Arms End. You han't thank'd me for't; but good Faith 'twas well I did not stir out of the Chamber that fond Night. For there are Times the stoutest of us are in Danger, the Rascals wheedle so.

Leon. In short my very Soul is fir'd with this Treatment; and if ever that perfidious Monster should relent, tho' he should crawl like a poor Worm beneath my Feet, nay, plunge a Dagger in his Heart, to bleed for Pardon; I charge thee strickly, charge thee on thy Life, thou do

not urge a Look to melt me toward him, but strongly buoy me up in brave Resentment; and if thou see't (which Heav'n's avert) a Glance of Weakness in me, rouse to my Memory the vile Wrongs I've borne, and blazon 'em with Skill in all their glaring Colours.

Jacin. Madam, never doubt me; I'm charg'd to the Mouth with Fury, and if ever I meet that fat Traitor of mine, such a Volley will I pour about his Ears——Now Heav'n prevent all hasty Vows; but in the Humour I am, methinks I'd carry my Maiden-head to my cold Grave with me, before I'd let it simmer at the Rascal. But soft; here comes your Father.

Enter Alvarez.

Alv. Leonora, I'd have you retire a little, and send your Brother's Tutor to me, *Metaphrastus.*

[Ex. Leo. and Jacin.]

Solus.

I'll try, if I can discover, by his Tutor, what it is that seems so much to work his Brain of late; for something more than common there plainly does appear, yet nothing that can disturb his Soul, like what I have to torture mine on his Account. Sure nothing in this World is worth a troubled Mind: What Racks has Avarice stretched me on! I wanted nothing, kind Heav'n had giv'n me a plenteous Lot, and seated me in great Abundance; why then approve I of this Imposture? What have I gained by it? Wealth and Misery. I have barter'd peaceful Days for restless Nights; a wretched Bargain! and he that merchandises thus, must be undone at last.

Enter Metaphrastus.

Metaph. *Mandatum tuum, curo diligenter.*

Alv. Master, I had a mind to ask you——

1

Metaph.

Metaph. The Title, Master, comes from *Magis* and *Ter*, which is as much as to say, *Thrice worthy*.

Alv. I never heard so much before, but it may be true for ought I know : But, Master——

Metaph. Go on.

Alv. Why so I will if you'll let me, but don't interrupt me then.

Metaph. Enough, proceed.

Alv. Why then, Master, for the third time, my Son *Camillo*, gives me much Uneasiness of late ; you know I love him, and have many careful Thoughts about him.

Metaph. 'Tis true, *Filio, non potest præferri, nisi Filius*.

Alv. Master, when one has Business to talk on, these Scholastick Expressions are not of use ; I believe you a great Latinist ; possibly you may understand *Greek* ; those who recommended you to me, said so, and I am willing it should be true : But the Thing I want to discourse you about at present, does not properly give you an Occasion to display your Learning. Besides, to tell you Truth, 'twill at all Times be lost upon me ; my Father was a wise Man, but he taught me nothing beyond common Sense ; I know but one Tongue in the World, which luckily being understood by you as well as me. I fancy whatever Thoughts we have to communicate to one another, may reasonably be convey'd in that, without having Recourse to the Language of *Julius Cæsar*.

Metaph. You are wrong, but may proceed.

Alv. I thank you : What is the matter, I do not know, but tho' it is of the utmost Consequence to me to marry my Son, what Match soever I propose to him, he still finds some Pretence or other to decline it.

Metaph. He is perhaps of the Humour of a Brother of *Marcus Tullius*, who——

Alv. Dear Master, leave the *Greeks*, and the *Latins*, and the *Scotch* and the *Welch*, and let me go on in my

Business; what have those People to do with my Son's Marriage?

Metaph. Again you are wrong; but go on.

Alv. I say then, that I have strong Apprehensions from his refusing all my Proposals, that he may have some secret Inclination of his own; and to confirm me in this Fear, I yesterday observed him (without his knowing it) in a Corner of the Grove, where no body comes——

Metaph. A Place out of the way, you would say; a Place of Retreat.

Alv. Why, the Corner of the Grove, where no body comes, is a Place of Retreat, is it not?

Metaph. In Latin, *Secessus*.

Alv. Ha!

Metaph. As *Virgil* has it, *Est in Secessu Locus*.

Alv. How could *Virgil* have it, when I tell you no Soul was there but he and I?

Metaph. *Virgil* is a famous Author, I quote his Saying as a Phrase more proper to the Occasion than that you use, and not as one who was in the Wood with you.

Alv. And I tell you, I hope to be as famous as any *Virgil* of 'em all, when I have been dead as long, and have no need of a better Phrase than my own to tell you my Meaning.

Metaph. You ought however to make choice of the Words most us'd by the best Authors. *Tu vivendo bonos*, as they say, *Scribendo sequare peritos*.

Alv. Again!

Metaph. 'Tis *Quintilian's* own Precept.

Alv. Oons——

Metaph. And he has something very learned upon it, that may be of service to you to hear.

Alv. You Son of a Whore, will you hear me speak?

Metaph. What may be the Occasion of this unmanly Passion? What is it you would have with me?

Alv.

Alv. What you might have known an Hour ago, if you had pleas'd.

Metaph. You would then have me hold my peace—I shall.

Alv. You will do very well.

Metaph. You see I do; well, go on.

Alv. Why then, to begin once again, I say my Son Camillo—

Metaph. Proceed; I shan't interrupt you.

Alv. I say, my Son Camillo—

Metaph. What is it you say of your Son Camillo?

Alv. That he has got a Dog of a Tutor, whose Brains I'll beat out, if he won't hear me speak.

Metaph. That Dog is a Philosopher, contemns Passion, and yet will hear you.

Alv. I don't believe a Word on't, but I'll try once again; I have a Mind to know from you, whether you have observ'd any thing in my Son—

Metaph. Nothing that is like his Father. Go on.

Alv. Have a Care.

Metaph. I do not interrupt you; but you are long in coming to a Conclusion.

Alv. Why, thou hast not let me begin yet.

Metaph. And yet 'tis high Time to have made an End.

Alv. Dost thou know thy Danger? I have not—thus much Patience left.

[*Shewing the End of his Finger.*]

Metaph. Mine is already consum'd. I do not use to be thus treated; my Profession is to teach, and not to hear, yet I have hearken'd like a School-Boy, and am not heard, altho' a Master.

Alv. Get out of the Room.

Metaph. I will not. If the Mouth of a wise Man be shut, he is, as it were, a Fool; for who shall know his Understanding? therefore a certain Philosopher said well, Speak, that thou may'st be known; great Talkers,

without Knowledge, are as the Winds that whistle ; but they who have Learning, should speak aloud. If this be not permitted, we may expect to see the whole Order of Nature o'erthrown ; Hens devour Foxes, and Lambs destroy Wolves, Nurses suck Children, and Children give Suck ; Generals mend Stockings, and Chambermaids take Towns ; we may expect, I say——

Alw. That, and that, and that, and ——

[Strikes him, and kicks him ; and then follows him off with a Bell at his Ear.]

Metabh. O Tempora ! O Mores.





ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *the Street.*

Enter Lopez.

Lopez. Sometimes Fortune seconds a bold Design, and when Folly has brought us into a Trap, Impudence brings us out on't. I have been caught by this hot-headed Lover here, and have told like a Puppy what I shall be beaten for like a Dog. Come! Courage, my dear *Lopez*; Fire will fetch out Fire: Thou hast told one body thy Master's Secret, e'en tell it to half a Dozen more, and try how that will thrive: go tell it to the two old Dons, the Lovers Fathers. The Thing's done, and can't be retriev'd; perhaps they'll lay their two ancient Heads together, club a Pennyworth of Wisdom a-piece, and with great Penetration at last find out, that 'tis best to submit, where 'tis not in their power to do otherwise. This being resolv'd, there's no Time to be lost.

[Knocks at Alvarez's Door.]

Alv. Who knocks?

[Within.]

Lop. Lopez.

Alv. What dost want!

[Looking out.]

Lop. To bid you Good-morrow, Sir.

Alv. Well, good-morrow to thee again.

[Retires.]

Lop. What a ——— I think he does not care for my Company.

[Knocks again.]

Alv. Who knocks?

Lop. Lopez.

Alv. What wouldst have?

[Looking out.]

Lop.

Alv. My old Master, Sir, gives his Service to you, and desires to know how you do.

Alv. How I do? Why, well; how shou'd I do? Service to him again. [Retires.]

Lop. Sir.

Alv. [returning.] What the Deux wouldst thou have with me, with thy Good-morrows, and thy Services?

Lop. This Man does not understand good Breeding I find. [Aside.] Why, Sir, my Master has some very earnest Business with you.

Alv. Business! About what? What Business can he have with me?

Lop. I don't know, truly; but 'tis some very important Matter: He has just now (as I hear) discover'd some great Secret, which he must needs talk with you about.

Alv. Ha! a Secret, say'st thou?

Lop. Yes; and bid me bring him word, if you were at home, he'd be with you presently. Sir, your humble Servant. [Exit Lopez.]

Alvarez solus.

A Secret; and must speak with me about it! Heav'n's, how I tremble? what can this Message mean? I have very little Acquaintance with him, what Business can he have with me? An important Secret 'twas, he said, and that he had just discover'd it. Alas, I have in the World but one, if it be that——I'm lost; an eternal Blot must fix upon me. How unfortunate am I, that I have not followed the honest Counsels of my Heart, which have often urg'd me to set my Conscience at ease, by rendring to him the Estate that is his Due, and which by a foul Imposture I keep from him. But 'tis now too late; my Villainy is out and I shall not only be forc'd with shame to restore him what is his, but shall be perhaps condemn'd to make him Reparation with my own. O terrible View!

Enter

Enter Don Felix.

Don Fel. My Son to go and marry her, without her Father's Knowledge? this can never end well. I don't know what to do, he'll conclude I was privy to it, and his Power and Interest are so great at Court, he may with ease contrive my Ruin: I tremble at his sending to speak with me——Mercy on me, there he is.

[Aside.]

Alv. Ah! shield me, kind Heav'n! There's Don Felix come: How I am struck with the Sight of him! O the Torment of a guilty Mind!

[Aside.]

Don Fel. What shall I say to soften him? *[Aside.]*

Alv. How shall I look him in the Face? *[Aside.]*

Don Fel. 'Tis impossible he can forgive it. *[Aside.]*

Alv. To be sure he'll expose me to the whole World.

[Aside.]

Don Fel. I see, his Countenance change. *[Aside.]*

Alv. With what Contempt he looks upon me? *[Aside.]*

[Aside.]

Don Fel. I see, Don Alvarez, by the Disorder of your Face, you are but too well inform'd of what brings me here.

Alv. 'Tis true.

Don Fel. The News may well surprize you, 'tis what I have been far from apprehending.

Alv. Wrong, very wrong, indeed.

Don Fel. The Action is certainly to the last Point to be condemn'd, and I think no body should pretend to excuse the Guilty.

Alv. They are not to be excus'd, tho' Heaven may have Mercy.

Don Fel. That's what I hope you will consider.

Alv. We should act as Christians.

Don Fel. Most certainly.

Alv. Let Mercy then prevail.

Don

Don *Fel.* It is indeed of heavenly Birth.

Alv. Generous Don *Felix*!

Don *Fel.* Too indulgent *Alvarez*!

Alv. I thank you on my Knee.

Don *Fel.* 'Tis I ought to have been there first.

[*They kneel.*]

Alv. Is it then possible we are Friends?

Don *Fel.* Embrace me to confirm it. [*They embrace.*]

Alv. Thou best of Men!

Don *Fel.* Unlook'd-for Bounty!

Alv. Did you know the Torment [*rising*] this unhappy Action has given me——

Don *Fel.* 'Tis impossible it could do otherwise; nor has my Trouble been less.

Alv. But let my Misfortune be kept secret.

Don *Fel.* Most willingly; my Advantage is sufficient by it, without the Vanity of making it publick to the World.

Alv. Incomparable Goodness! That I should thus have wrong'd a Man so worthy! [*Aside.*] My Honour then is safe?

Don *Fel.* For ever, even for ever let it be a Secret, I am content.

Alv. Noble Gentleman: [*Aside*] As to what Advantages ought to accrue to you by it, it shall be all to your entire Satisfaction.

Don *Fel.* Wonderful Bounty! [*Aside.*] As to that, Don *Alvarez*, I leave it entirely to you, and shall be content with whatever you think reasonable.

Alv. I thank you, from my Soul I must, you know I must.—This must be an Angel, not a Man. [*Aside.*]

Don *Fel.* The Thanks lie on my side, *Alvarez*, for this unexpected Generosity, but may all Faults be forgot. and Heav'n ever prosper you.

Alv. The same Prayer I, with a double Fervour, offer up for you.

Don

Don Fel. Let us then once more embrace, and be Forgiveness seal'd for ever.

Alv. Agreed; thou best of Men, agreed.

[They embrace.]

Don Fel. This thing then being thus happily terminated, let me own to you, Don Alvarez, I was in extreme Apprehensions of your utmost Resentment on this Occasion; for I could not doubt but you had form'd more happy Views in the Disposal of so fair a Daughter as *Leonora*, than my poor Son's inferior Fortune e'er can answer; but since they are join'd, and that—

Alv. Ha!

Don Fel. Nay, 'tis very likely to discourse of it may not be very pleasing to you, tho' your Christianity and natural Goodness have prevail'd on you so generously to forgive it. But to do justice to *Leonora*, and skreen her from your too harsh Opinion in this unlucky Action, 'twas that cunning wicked Creature that attends her, who by unusual Arts wrought her to this Breach of Duty, for her own Inclinations were dispos'd to all the Modesty and Resignation a Father could ask from a Daughter; my Son I can't excuse, but since your Bounty does so, I hope you'll quite forget the Fault of the less guilty *Leonora*.

Alv. What a Mistake have I lain under here! And from a groundless Apprehension of one Misfortune, find myself in the Certainty of another. [Aside.]

Don Fel. He looks disturb'd; what can this mean?

[Aside.]

Alv. My Daughter marry'd to his Son! — Confusion. But I find myself in such unruly Agitation, something wrong may happen if I continue with him; I'll therefore leave him. [Aside.]

Don Fel. You seem thoughtful, Sir, I hope there's no—

Alv. A sudden Disorder I am seiz'd with; you'll pardon me, I must retire.

[Ex. Alvarez.]

Dan

Don Felix solus.

I don't like this — He went oddly off. — I doubt he finds this Bounty difficult to go through with. His natural Resentment is making an Attack upon his acquir'd Generosity: Pray Heav'n it be'n't too strong for't. The Misfortune is a great one, and can't but touch him nearly. It was not natural to be so calm: I wish it don't yet drive him to my Ruin. But here comes this young hot-brain'd Coxcomb, who with his mid-night Amours has been the Cause of all this Mischief to me.

Enter Lorenzo.

So, Sir, are you come to receive my Thanks for your noble Exploit? You think you have done bravely now, ungracious Offspring; to bring perpetual Troubles on me. Must there never pass a Day, but I must drink some bitter Potion or other of your Preparation for me?

Lor. I am amaz'd, Sir; pray what have I done to deserve your Anger!

Don Fel. Nothing; no manner of Thing in the World; nor never do, I am an old testy Fellow, and am always scolding, and finding Fault for nothing; complaining that I have got a Coxcomb of a Son that makes me weary of my Life, fancying he perverts the Order of Nature, turning Day into Night and Night into Day; getting Whims in my Brain, that he consumes his Life in Idleness, unless he rouses now and then to do some noble Stroke of Mischief; and having an impertinent Dream at this time, that he has been making the Fortune of the Family, by an underhand Marriage with the Daughter of a Man who will crush us all to Powder for it. Ah——ungracious Wretch; to bring an old Man into all this Trouble: The Pain thou gav'st
thy

thy Mother to bring thee into the World, and the Plague thou hast given me to keep thee here, make the Getting thee (tho' 'twas in our Honey-Moon) a bitter Remembrance to us both. [Ex. Don Felix.

Lorenzo *solus*.

So —— all's out —— Here's a noble Storm arising, and I'm at sea in a Cock-boat. But which way could this Business reach him? By this Traitor *Lopez*—it must be so; it could be no other way! for only he, and the Priest that marry'd us, know of it. The Villain will never confess tho'. I must try a little Address with him, and conceal my Anger. O here, he comes.

Enter *Lopez*.

Lor. Lopez.

Lop. Do you call, Sir?

Lor. I find all's discovered to my Father, the Secret's out; he knows my Marriage?

Lop. He knows your Marriage? How the Pest should that happen, Sir? 'tis impossible; that's all.

Lor. I tell thee 'tis true; he knows every Particular of it.

Lop. He does?—Why then, Sir, all I can say is, That Satan and he are better acquainted than the Devil and a good Christian ought to be.

Lor. Which way he has discover'd it I can't tell, nor am I much concern'd to know, since beyond all my Expectations, I find him perfectly easy at it, and ready to excuse my Fault with better Reasons than I can find to do it my self.

Lop. Say you so? ——— I am very glad to hear that, then all's safe. [Aside.

Lor. 'Tis unexpected good Fortune; but it could never proceed purely from his own Temper, there must have

have been Pains taken with him to bring him to this Calm: I'm sure I owe much to the Bounty of some Friend or other; I wish I knew where my Obligation lay, that I might acknowledge it as I ought.

Lop. Are you thereabouts, I'faith? Then Sharp's the Word; I'gad I'll own the Thing, and receive his Bounty for't. [*Aside.*] Why, Sir——not that I pretend to make a Merit o' the Matter, for alas, I am but your poor Hireling, and therefore bound in Duty to render you all the Service I can——But——'tis I have don't.

Lor. What hast thou done?

Lop. What no Man else could have done; the Job, Sir; told him the Secret, and then talk'd him into a liking on't.

Lor. 'Tis impossible; thou dost not tell me true.

Lop. Sir, I scorn to reap any thing from another Man's Labours; but if this poor Piece of Service carries any Merit with it, you now know where to reward it.

Lor. Thou art not serious.

Lop. I am; or may Hunger be my Mefs-mate.

Lor. And may Famine be mine, if I don't reward thee for't, as thou deserv'st——Dead.

[*Making a Pass at him.*

Lop. Have a Care there. [*Leaping on one side.*] What do you mean, Sir? I bar all Surprise

Lor. Traitor, is this the Fruit of the Trust I plac'd in thee—Villain? [*Making another Thrust at him.*

Lop. Take heed, Sir; you'll do one a Mischief before y'are aware.

Lor. What Recompence can'st thou make me, Wretch, for this Piece of Treachery? Thy fordid Blood can't expiate the Thousandth——But I'll have it how-ever.

[*Thrusts again.*

Lop. Look you there again: Pray, Sir, be quiet; is the Devil in you? 'Tis bad jesting with edg'd Tools. I'gad that last Push was within an Inch o'me. I don't know

know what you make all this Buffle about, but I'm sure I've done all for the best, and I believe 'twill prove for the best too at last, if you'll have but a little Patience. But if Gentlemen will be in their Airs in a Moment—Why, what the *deux*—I'm sure I have been as eloquent as *Cicero* in your Behalt; and I don't doubt, to good Purpose too, if you'll give Things Time to work. But nothing but foul Language, and naked Swords about the House, *sa, sa*; run you through, you Dog: Why nobody can do Business at this rate.

Lor. And suppose your Project fail, and I'm ruin'd by't, Sir.

Lop. Why, 'twill be time enough to kill me then, Sir? won't it? What should you do it for now? Besides, I an't ready, I'm not prepar'd, I might be undone by't.

Lor. But what will *Leonora* say to her Marriage being known, Wretch?

Lop. Why may be she'll draw——her Sword too. [*Shew'ing his Tongue.*] But all shall be well with you both, if you will but let me alone.

Lor. Peace; here's her Father.

Lop. That's well: We shall see how Things go presently.

Enter Don Alvarez.

Alv. The more I recover from the Disorder this Discourse has put me in, the more strange the whole Adventure appears to me. *Leonora* maintains there is not a Word of Truth in what I have heard; that she knows nothing of Marriage: And indeed she tells me this with such a naked Air of Sincerity, that for my part I believe her. What then must be their Project? Some villanous Intention to be sure; tho' which way, I yet am ignorant. But here's the Bridegroom; I'll accost him.—— I am told, Sir, you take upon you to scandalize

scandalize my Daughter, and tell idle Tales of what can never happen.

Lop. Now methinks, Sir, if you treated your Son-in-law with a little more Civility, things might go just as well in the main.

Alv. What means this insolent Fellow by my Son-in-law! I suppose 'tis you, Villain, are the Author of this impudent Story.

Lop. You seem angry, Sir ——— perhaps without Cause.

Alv. Cause, Traitor! Is a Cause wanting where a Daughter's defam'd, and a Noble Family scandaliz'd?

Lor. There he is, let him answer you.

Alv. I shoud be glad he'd answer me; why, if he had any Desires to my Daughter, he did not make his Approaches like a Man of Honour.

Lop. Yes: and so have had the Doors bolted against him, like a House-breaker. *[Aside.]*

Lor. Sir, to justify my Proceeding, I have little to say; but to excuse it, I have much; if any Allowance may be made to a Passion, which in your Youth you have yourself been sway'd by; I love your Daughter to that excess ———

Alv. You would undo her for a Night's Lodging.

Lor. Undo her, Sir? ———

Alv. Yes, that's the Word; you knew it was against her Interest to marry you, therefore you endeavour'd to win her to't in private; you knew her Friends would make a better Bargain for her, therefore you kept your Designs from their Knowledge, and yet you love her to that Excess ———

Lor. I'd readily lay down my Life to serve her.

Alv. Could you readily lay down fifty thousand Pistoles to serve her, your excessive Love would come with better Credentials; an Offer of Life is very proper for the Attack of a Counterscarp, but a thousand Ducats

Ducats will sooner carry a Lady's Heart; you are a young Man but will learn this when you are older.

Lop. But since things have succeeded better this once, Sir, and that my Master will prove a most incomparable good Husband (for that he'll do I'll answer for him) and that 'tis too late to recall what's already done, Sir ———

Alv. What's done, Villain?

Lop. Sir, I mean, that since my Master and my Lady are marry'd, and ———

Alv. Thou ly'st; they are not marry'd.

Lop. Sir! ——— I say, that since they are marry'd, and that they love each other so passing dearly, indeed I fancy that ———

Alv. Why, this Impudence is beyond all bearing; Sir, do you put your Rascal upon this?

Lor. Sir, I am in a Wood; I don't know what it is you mean.

Alv. And I am in a Plain, Sir, and think I may be understood; do you pretend you are marry'd to my Daughter?

Lor. Sir, 'tis my Happiness on one side, as it is my Misfortune on another.

Alv. And you do think this idle Project can succeed? You do believe your affirming you are marry'd to her will induce both her and me to consent it shall be so.

Lop. Sir, I see you make my Master almost out of his Wits to hear you talk so: but I, who am but a Stander-by now, as I was at the Wedding, have mine about me, and desire to know, Whether you think this Project can succeed? Do you believe your affirming they are not marry'd, will induce both him and I to give up the Lady? One short Question to bring this matter to an Issue, Why do you think they are not marry'd?

Alv. Because she utterly renounces it.

Lop.

Lop. And so she will her Religion, if you attack it with that dreadful Face. D'ye hear, Sir? the poor Lady is in love heartily, and I wish all poor Ladies that are so, would dispose of themselves so well as she has done; but you scare her out of her Senses: bring her here into the Room, speak gently to her, tell her you know the thing is done, that you have it from a Man of Honour, Me. That may be you wish it had been otherwise, but are a Christian, and profess Mercy, and therefore have resolv'd to pardon her: Say this, and I shall appear a Man of Reputation, and have Satisfaction made me.

Alv. Or an impudent Rogue, and have all your Bones broke.

Lop. Content.

Alv. Agreed. *Leonora!* who's there? call *Leonora*.

Lop. All will go rarely, Sir; we shall have shot the Gulf in a Moment. [Aside to Lorenzo.

Enter Leonora.

Alv. Come hither, *Leonora*.

Lop. So, now we shall see.

Alv. I call'd you to answer for yourself; here's a strong Claim upon you; if there be any thing in the pretended Title, conceal it no farther, it must be known at last, it may as well be so now. Nothing is so uneasy as Uncertainty, I would therefore be gladly freed from it: if you have done what I am told you have, 'tis a great Fault indeed; but as I fear 'twill carry much of its Punishment along with it, I shall rather reduce my Resentment into mourning your Misfortune, than suffer it to add to your Affliction; therefore speak the Truth.

Lop. Well, this is fair Play; now I speak, Sir: You see, fair Lady, the Goodness of a tender Father, nothing need therefore hinder you from owning a most loving Husband.

Husband. We had like to have been altogether by the Ears about this Business, and Pails of Blood were ready to run about the House: but, thank Heav'n, the Sun shines out again, and one Word from your sweet Mouth makes fair Weather for ever. My Master has been forc'd to own your Marriage, he begs you'll do so too.

Leon. What does this impudent Rascal mean?

Lop. Ha! ——— Madam!

Leon. Sir, I should be very glad to know [*To Lorenzo*] what can have been th'Occasion of this wild Report; sure you cannot be yourself a Party in it.

Lop. He, he ———

Lor. Forgive me, dear *Leonora*, I know you had strong Reasons for the Secret being longer kept; but 'tis not my Fault, our Marriage is disclos'd.

Leo. Our Marriage, Sir! ———

Lor. 'Tis known, my Dear, tho' much against my Will; but since it is so, 'twould be in vain for us to deny it longer.

Leon. Then, Sir, I am your Wife? I fell in love with you, and marry'd you without my Father's Knowledge?

Lor. I dare not be so vain to think 'twas Love; I humbly am content to owe the Blessing to your Generosity; you saw the Pains I suffer'd for your sake, and in Compassion eas'd 'em.

Leon. I did, Sir! Sure this exceeds all human Impudence.

Lop. Truly, I think it does. She'd make an incomparable Actress.

[*Aside.*]

Lor. I begin to be surpriz'd, Madam, at your carrying this thing so far; you see there's no occasion for it; and for the Discovery, I have already told you 'twas not my Fault.

Lop. My Master's! no, 'twas I did it: Why, what a Bustle's here? I knew things would go well, and so they

they do, if Folks would let 'em. But if Ladies will be in their Merriments, when Gentlemen are upon serious Business, why what a deuce can one say to 'em?

Leo. I see this Fellow is to be an Evidence in your Plot; where you hope to drive, it is hard to guess; for if any thing can exceed its Impudence, it is its Folly. A noble Stratagem indeed to win a Lady by! I cou'd be diverted with it, but that I see a Face of Villany requires a rougher Treatment: I cou'd almost, methinks, forget my Sex, and be my own Avenger.

Lor. Madam, I am surpriz'd beyond all —

Lop. Pray, Sir, let me come to her; you are so surpriz'd, you'll make nothing on't: She wants a little snubbing. Look you, Madam, I have seen many a pleasant Humour amongst Ladies, but you out-cut them all. Here's Contradiction with a Vengeance; you han't been married eight and forty Hours, and you are slap — at your Husband's Beard already: Why, do you consider who he is? — Who this Gentleman is? And what he can do — by Law? Why, he can lock you up — knock you down — tie you Neck and Heels —

Lor. Forbear, you insolent Villain, you.

[Offering to strike him.]

Leo. That — for what's past however.

[Giving him a Box o' th' Ear.]

Lop. I think — she gave me a Box o' th' Ear; ha!

[Exit Leonora.]

Sir, will you suffer your old Servants to be us'd thus by new Comers? It's a shame, a mere shame: Sir, will you take a poor Dog's Advice for once? She denies she's married to you: Take her at her word; you have seen some of her Humours, — let her go.

Alv. Well, Gentlemen, thus far you see I have heard all with Patience; have you Content? Or how much farther do you design to go with this Business?

Lop.

Lor. Why truly, Sir, we are near at a stand.

Alv. 'Tis time, you Villain, you.

Lop. Why, and I am a Villain now, if every word I've spoke be not as true as—as the *Gazette*: And your Daughter's no better than a—a—a whimsical young Woman, for making Disputes among Gentlemen. And if every Body had their Deserts, she'd have a good ——— I won't speak it out to inflame Reckonings; but let her go, Master.

Alv. Sir, I don't think it well to spend any more Words with your impudent and villanous Servant here.

Lop. Thank you, Sir: but I'd let her go.

Alv. Nor have I more to say to you than this, that you must not think so daring an Affront to my Family can go long unresented. Farewel. [*Exit Alvarez.*]

Lor. Well, Sir, what have you to say for yourself now?

Lop. Why, Sir, I have only to say, that I am a very unfortunate——middle-ag'd Man; and that I believe all the Stars upon Heav'n and Earth have been concern'd in my Destiny. Children now unborn will hereafter sing my Downfal in mournful Lines, and Notes of doleful Tune: I am at present troubled in Mind, Despair around me, signify'd in appearing Gibbets, with a great Bundle of Dog-whips by way of Preparation.

I therefore will go seek some Mountain high,
If high enough some Mountain may be found,
With distant Valley, dreadfully profound.

And from the horrid Cliff—look calmly all around. }
Farewel. *Aside.*

Lor. No, Sirrah: I'll see your wretched End my self. Die here, Villain. [*Drawing his Sword.*]

Lop. I can't, Sir, if any body looks upon me.

Dor. Away, you trifling Wretch; but think not to escape, for thou shalt have thy Recompence.

[*Exit Lorenzo.*]

Lopez.

Lopez *solus*.

Why, what a mischievous Jade is this, to make such an Uproar in a Family the first Day of her Marriage? Why my Master won't so much as get a Honey-Moon out of her; I'gad let her go. If she be thus in her soft and tender Youth, she'll be rare Company at threescore: Well, he may do as he pleases, but were she my Dear, I'd let her go—Such a Foot at her Tail, I'd make the Truth bounce out at her Mouth, like a Pellet out of a Pot-gun. [Exit.





ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Camillo and Isabella.

Isab. 'TIS an unlucky Accident indeed.

Cam. Ah *Isabella*! Fate has now determin'd my Undoing. This thing can ne'er end here, *Leonora* and *Lorenzo* must soon come to some Explanation; the Dispute is too monstrous to pass over, without further Enquiry, which must discover all, and what will be the Consequence, I tremble at: for whether *Don Alvarez* knows of the Imposture, or whether he is deceiv'd with the rest of the World, when once it breaks out, and that the Consequence is the Loss of that great Wealth he now enjoys by it, what must become of me? All paternal Affections then must cease, and regarding me as an unhappy Instrument in the Trouble which will then o'erload him, he will return me to my humble Birth, and then I'm lost for ever. For what, alas! will the deceiv'd *Lorenzo* say? A Wife, with neither Fortune, Birth, nor Beauty, instead of one most plenteously endow'd with all. O Heavens! What a Sea of Misery I have before me!

Isab. Indeed you reason right, but these Reflexions are ill-tim'd; why did you not employ them sooner?

Cam. Because I lov'd.

Isab. And don't you do so now?

Cam. I do, and therefore 'tis I make these cruel just Reflexions.

Isab. So that Love, I find, can do any thing.

C

Cam.

Cam. Indeed it can: Its Powers are wondrous great, its Pains no Tongue can tell, its Bliss no Heart conceive, Crowns cannot recompense its Torments, Heaven scarce supply its Joys. My Stake is of this Value: O counse me how I shall save it.

Isab. Alas! that Counsel's much beyond my Wisdom's Force, I see no way to help you.

Cam. And yet 'tis sure there's one.

Isab. What?

Cam. Death.

Isab. There possibly may be another; I have a Thought this Moment ——— perhaps there's nothing in it; yet a small Passage comes to my Remembrance, that I regarded little when it happen'd ——— I'll go and search for one may be of Service. But hold; I see Don Carlos: He'll but disturb us now, let us avoid him.

[*Exeunt Camillo and Isabella.*]

Enter Don Carlos and Sancho.

Car. Repuls'd again! This is not to be borne. What tho' this Villain's Story be a Falshood, was I to blame to hearken to it? This Usage cannot be supported: How was it she treated thee?

San. Never was Embassador worse receiv'd. Madam, my Master asks ten thousand Pardons, and humbly begs one Moment's Interview: — Be gone, you Rascal you. Madam, what Answer shall I give my Master? ——— 'Tell him he's a Villain. Indeed, fair Lady, I think this is hasty Treatment ——— Here, my Footman, toss me this Fellow out at the Window; and away she went to her Devotions.

Car. Did you see *Jacinta*?

San. Yes; she saluted me with half-a-score Rogues and Rascals too. I think our Destinies are much alike, Sir: And o'my Conscience, a couple of scurvy Jades we are hamper'd with.

Car.

Car. Ungrateful Woman, to receive with such Contempt so quick a Return of a Heart so justly alarm'd.

San. Ha, ha, ha.

Car. What no Allowance to be made to the first Transports of a Lover's Fury, when rous'd by so dreadful an Appearance? As just as my Suspicions were, have I long suffer'd them to arraign her?

San. No.

Car. Have I waited for Oaths or Imprecations to clear her?

San. No.

Car. Nay, even now is not the whole World still in suspense about her? whilst I alone conclude her innocent.

San. 'Tis very true.

Car. She might, methinks, thro' this profound Respect observe a Flame another would have cherish'd: she might support me against groundless Fears, and save me from a Rival's Tyranny; she might release me from these cruel Racks, and wou'd, no doubt, if she cou'd love as I do.

San. Ha, ha, ha.

Car. But since she don't, what do I whining here? Curse on the base Humilities of Love.

San. Right.

Car. Let Children kiss the Rod that fleas them, let Dogs lie down and lick the Shoe that spurns them.

San. Ay.

Car. I am a Man by Nature meant for Power; the Scepter's giv'n us to wield, and we betray our Trust whenever we meanly lay it at a Woman's Feet.

San. True, we are Men, boo——Come, Master, let us both be in a Passion; here's my Scepter. [*Shewing a Cudgel.*] Subject *Jacinta*, look about you. Sir, was you ever in *Muscovy*? the Women there love the Men dearly: why? because——[*Shaking his Stick.*] there's your Love-powder for you. Ah, Sir, were we but wise

and stout, what work should we make with them? But this humble Love-making spoils them all. A rare way indeed to bring matters about with them; we are persuading them all Day they are Angels and Goddeses, in order to use them at Night like human Creatures; we are like to succeed truly.

Car. For my part, I never yet cou'd bear a Slight from any thing, nor will I now. There's but one way however to resent it from a Woman; and that's to drive her bravely from your Heart, and place a worthier in her vacant Throne.

San. Now with Submission to my Betters, I have another way, Sir; I'll drive my Tyrant from my Heart, and place myself in her Throne. Yes; I will be Lord of my own Tenement, and keep my Household in order. Wou'd you wou'd do so too, Master; for, look you, I have been Serviter in a College at *Salamancha*, and read Philosophy with the Doctors; where I found that a Woman, in all times, has been observed to be an Animal hard to understand, and much inclined to Mischief. Now as an Animal is always an Animal, and a Captain always a Captain, so a Woman is always a Woman: Whence it is that a certain *Greek* says, her Head is like a Bank of Sand: or as another, a solid Rock; or, according to a third, a dark Lanthorn. Pray, Sir, observe, for this is close Reasoning; and so as the Head is the Head of the Body; and that the Body without a Head, is like a Head without a Tail; and that where there is neither Head nor Tail, 'tis a very strange Body; So I say a Woman is by Comparison, do you see (for nothing explains things like Comparisons) I say by Comparison, as *Aristotle* has often said before me, one may compare her to the raging Sea; for as the Sea, when the Wind rises, knits its Brows like an angry Bull, and that Waves mount upon Rocks, and Rocks mount upon Waves: that Porpusses leap like Trouts, and Whales skip about like Gudgeons; that Ships roll

like Beer-Barrels, and Mariners pray like Saints; just so I say, a Woman ——— A Woman, I say, just so, when her Reason is shipwreck'd upon her Passion, and the Hulk of her Understanding lies thumping against the Rock of her Fury; then it is, I say, that by certain Immotions, which — um ——— cause, as one may suppose, a sort of Convulsive — yes ——— hurricanious — um — like — in short, a Woman is like the Devil, Sir.

Car. Admirably reason'd indeed, *Sancho*.

San. Pretty well, I thank Heaven; but here come the Crocodiles to weep us into Mercy.

Enter Leonora and Jacinta.

Master, let us shew our selves Mew, and leave their Briny Tears to wash their dirty Faces.

Car. It is not in the Power of Charms to move me.

San. Nor me, I hope; and yet I fear those Eyes will look out sharp to snap up such a Prize.

[*Pointing to Jacinta.*

Jacin. He's coming to us, Madam, to beg Pardon; but sure you'll never grant it him?

Leo. If I do, may Heav'n ne'er grant me mine.

Jacin. That's brave.

Car. You look, Madam, upon me, as if you thought I came to trouble you with my usual Importunities; I'll ease you of that Pain, by telling you, my Business now is calmly to assure you, but I assure it you with Heav'n and Hell for Seconds; for may the Joys of one fly from me, whilst the Pains of t'other overtake me, if all your Charms display'd e'er shake my Resolution; I'll never see you more.

San. Bon.

Leo. You are a Man of that nice Honour, Sir, I know you'll keep your Word: I expected this Assurance from you, and came this way only to thank you for't.

Jacin. Very well.

Car. You did, imperious Dame, you did: How base is Woman's Pride? How wretched are the Ingredients it is form'd of. If you saw Cause for just Disdain, why did you not at first repulse me; Why lead a Slave in Chains, that could not grace your Triumphs? If I am thus to be contemn'd, think on the Favours you have done the Wretch, and hide your Face for ever.

San. Well argued.

Leo. I own you have hit the only Fault the World can charge me with: the Favours I have done to you, I am indeed asham'd of; but since Women have their Frailties, you'll allow me mine.

Car. 'Tis well, extremely well, Madam, I'm happy however, you at last speak frankly, I thank you for it; from my Soul I thank you; but don't expect me groveling at your Feet again; don't, for if I do ———

Leo. You will be treated as you deserve; trod upon.

Car. Give me Patience; ——— but I don't want it; I am calm: Madam, farewell; be happy if you can; by Heav'n's I wish you so, but never spread your Net for me again; for if you do ———

Leo. You'll be running into it.

Car. Rather run headlong into Fire and Flames; rather be torn with Pincers Bit from Bit; rather be broil'd like Martyrs upon Gridirons ——— But I am wrong; this sounds like Passion, and Heaven can tell I am not angry: Madam, I think we have no farther Business together; your most humble Servant.

Leo. Farewel t'ye, Sir.

Car. Come along.

[To Sancho.

[Goes to the Scene and returns.

Yet once more before I go (lest you should doubt my Resolution) may I starve, perish, rot, be blasted, dead, damn'd, or any other thing that Men or Gods can think on, if on any Occasion whatever, Civil or Military, Pleasure or Business, Love or Hate, or any other Accident

cident of Life, I, from this Moment, change one Word or Look with you.

Going off. Sancho claps him on the Back.

Leo. Content: come away, Jacinta.

Carlos returns.

Car. Yet one Word, Madam, if you please ; I have a little thing here belongs to you, a foolish Bawble I once was fond of. [*Twisting her Picture from his Breast*] Will you accept a Trifle from your Servant?

Leo. Willingly, Sir; I have a Bawble too I think you have some Claim to ; you'll wear it for my sake.

[Breaks a Bracelet from her Arm, and gives it him.]

Car. Most thankfully; this too I should restore you, it once was yours ——— [*Giving her a Table-Book.*]
By your Favour, Madam ——— there is a Line or two in it, I think you did me once the Honour to write with your own fair Hand. Here it is. [*Reads.*]

*You love me, Carlos, and would know
The secret Movements of my Heart :
Whether I give you mine or no,
With yours, methinks, I'd never, never part.*

Thus you have encouraged me, and thus you have deceived me.

San. Very true.

Leo. I have some faithful Lines too ; I think I can produce 'em.

[Pulls out a Table-Book; reads, and then gives it him.]

*How long so'er, to sigh in vain,
My Destiny may prove,
My Fate (in spite of your Disdain)
Will let me glory in your Chain,
And give me leave eternally to love;*

There, Sir, take your Poetry again.

[Throwing it at his Feet.]

'Tis not much the worse for my wearing; 'twill serve again upon a fresh Occasion.

Jacin. Well done.

Car. I believe I can return the Present, Madam, with
—— a Pocket full of your Prose —— There ——

[Throwing a handful of Letters at her Feet.]

Leo. Jacinta, give me his Letters. There, Sir, not to be behind-hand with you.

Takes a handful of his Letters out of a Box, and throws them in his Face.

Jacin. And there, and there, and there, Sir.

[Jacinta throws the rest at him.]

San. 'Cods my Life, we want Ammunition; but for a shift —— There, and there, you saucy Slut, you.

[Sancho pulls a Pack of dirty Caras out of his Pocket and throws 'em at her; then they close, he pulls off her Headclothes, and she his Wig, and then part, she running to her Mistress, he to his Master.]

Jacin. I think, Madam, we have clearly the better on't.

Leo. For a proof, I resolve to keep the Field.

Jacin. Have a care he don't rally and beat you yet though: pray walk off.

Leo. Fear nothing.

San. How the Armies stand and gaze at one another after the Battle! What think you, Sir, of shewing your self a great General, by making an honourable Retreat?

Car. I scorn it: Oh Leonora Leonora! A Heart like mine should not be treated thus.

Leo. Carlos! Carlos! I have not deserv'd this Usage.

Car. Barbarous Leonora! but 'tis usefess to reproach you; she that is capable of what you have done, is
form'd

form'd too cruel ever to repent of it. Go on then, Tyrant; make your Bliss compleat; torment me still, for still, alas! I love enough to be tormented.

Leo. Ah *Carlos*! little do you know the tender Movements of that thing you name; the Heart where Love presides, admits no Thought against the Honour of its Ruler.

Car. 'Tis not to call that Honour into doubt, if conscious of our own Unworthiness, we interpret every Frown to our Destruction.

Leo. When Jealousy proceeds from such humble Apprehensions, it shews itself with more Respect than yours has done.

Car. And where a Heart is guiltless, it easily forgives a greater Crime.

Leo. Forgiveness is not now in our Debate; if both have been in fault, 'tis fit that both shou'd suffer for it; our Separation will do Justice on us.

Car. But since we are ourselves the Judges of our Crimes, what if we should inflict a gentler Punishment?

Leo. 'Twould but encourage us to sin again.

Car. And if it shou'd —

Leo. 'Twou'd give a fresh Occasion for the pleasing Exercise of Mercy.

Car. Right: and so we act the part of Earth and Heav'n together, of Men and Gods, and taste of both their Pleasures.

Leo. The Banquet's too inviting to refuse it.

Car. Then thus let us fall on, and feed upon't for ever.

[*Carries her off, embracing her, and kissing her Hand.*]

Leo. Ah Woman! foolish, foolish Woman!

San. Very foolish indeed.

Jacin. But don't expect I'll follow her Example.

San. You wou'd, Mopsy, if I'd let you.

Jacin. I'd sooner tear my Eyes out? ah — that she had had a little of my Spirit in her.

San. I believe I shall find thou hast a great deal of her Flesh, my Charmer; but 'twon't do; I am all Rock, hard Rock, very Marble.

Jacin. A very Pumice-stone, you Rascal you, if one would try thee; but to prevent thy Humilities, and shew thee all Submission would be vain, to convince thee thou hast nothing but Misery and Despair before thee, here — take back thy paltry Thimble, and be in my Debt, for the Shirts I have made thee with it.

San. Nay, if y'are at that Sport, Mistress, I believe I shall lose nothing by the Balance of thy Presents. There, take thy Tobacco-stopper, and stop thy —

Jacin. Here — take thy Sattin Pincushion, with thy curious half hundred of Pins in't, thou mad'st such a vapouring about yesterday, Tell them carefully, there's not one wanting.

San. There's thy Ivory-hafted Knife again, whet it well; 'tis so blunt 'twill cut nothing but Love.

Jacin. And there's thy pretty Pocket Scissars thou hast honour'd me with, they'll cut off a Leg or an Arm: Heav'n bless 'em.

San. Here's the enchanted Handkerchief you were pleased to endear with your precious Blood, when the Violence of your Love at Dinner to'other day made you cut your Fingers. — There.

[Blows his Nose in't, and gives it her.]

Jacin. The Rascal so provokes me, I won't even keep his paltry Garters from him. D'you see these? You pitiful beggarly Scoundrel you: — There take 'em, there.

[She takes her Garters off, and slaps them about his Face.]

San. I have but one thing more of thine. *[Showing his Cudgel.]* I own 'tis the top of all thy Presents, and might be useful to me; but that thou may'st have nothing to upbraid me with, e'en take it again with the rest of them.

[Lifting it up to strike her, she leaps about his Neck.]

Jacin.

Jacin. A cruel *Sancho* ! — Now beat me, *Sancho*, do.

San. Rather, like *Indian* Beggars, beat my precious self.

[*Throws away his Stick, and embraces her.*]

Rather let Infants Blood about the Streets,

Rather let all the Wine about the Cellar,

Rather let — Oh *Jacinta* — thou hast o'ercome.

How foolish are the great Resolves of Man !

Resolves, which we neither would keep, nor can.

When those bright Eyes in Kindness please to shine,

Their Goodness I must needs return with mine :

Bless my *Jacinta* in her *Sancho*'s Arms ———

Jacin. And I my *Sancho* with *Jacinta*'s Charms.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT



ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Street.**Enter Lopez.*

AS soon as it is Night, says my Master to me, tho' it cost me my Life, I'll enter *Leonora's* Lodgings; therefore make haste, *Lopez*, prepare every thing necessary, three Pair of Pocket-Pistols, two wide-mouth'd Blunderbusses, some six Ells of Sword-blade, and a Couple of dark Lanthorns. When my Master said this to me, Sir, said I to my Master, (that is, I wou'd have said it, if I had not been in such a Fright, I could say nothing, however I'll say it to him now, and shall probably have a quiet Hearing;) Look you, Sir, by dint of Reason I intend to confound you: You are resolv'd, you say, to get into *Leonora's* Lodgings, tho' the Devil stand in the Door-way? — Yes, *Lopez*, that's my Resolution — Very well; and what do you intend to do when you are there? — Why, what an injur'd Man shou'd do; make her sensible of — Make her sensible of a Pudding, don't you see she's a Jade? She'll raise the House about your Ears, arm the whole Family, set the great Dog at you. — Were there Legions of Devils to repulse me, in such a Cause I could disperse them all. — Why then you have no Occasion for Help, Sir, you may leave me at home to lay the Cloth. — No; thou art my ancient Friend, my Fellow-Traveller, and to reward thy faithful Services, this Night thou shalt partake my Danger and my Glory. — Sir, I have got Glory enough under you already, to content any

any reasonable Servant for his Life——Thy Modesty makes me willing to double my Bounty; this Night may bring eternal Honour to thee and thy Family.—— Eternal Honour, Sir, is too much in Conscience for a Serving-Man; besides, Ambition has been many a great Soul's Undoing.—— I doubt thou art afraid, my *Lopez*, thou shalt be arm'd with Back, with Breast, and Head-piece——They will incumber me in my Retreat.—— Retreat, my Hero, thou never shalt retreat.—— Then by my troth I'll never go, Sir.——But here he comes.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Will it never be Night? Sure 'tis the longest Day the Sun e'er travel'd.

Lop. Wou'd 'twere as long as those in *Greenland*, Sir, that you might spin out your Life t'other half-year. I don't like these nightly Projects; a Man can't see what he does: We shall have some scurvy Mistake or other happen; a Brace of Bullets blunder thro' your Head in the Dark perhaps, and spoil all your Intrigue.

Lor. Away, you trembling Wretch, away.

Lop. Nay, Sir, what I say is purely for your Safety; for as to myself —— Uds-death, I no more value the losing a Quart of Blood, than I do drinking a Quart of Wine. Besides, my Veins are too full, my Physician advis'd me but yesterday to let go twenty Ounces for my Health. So, you see, Sir, there's nothing of that in the Case.

Lor. Then let me hear no other Objections; for till I see *Leonora* I must lie upon the Rack, I cannot bear her Resentment, and will pacify her this Night, or not live to see To-morrow.

Lop. Well, Sir, since you are so determin'd, I shan't be impertinent with any farther Advice; but I think you have laid your Design to —— [*He coughs.*] (I have got such a Cold to-day) to get in privately, have you not?

Lor.

Lor. Yes; and have taken care to be introduced as far as her Chrmber-door with all Secrecy.

Lop. [*He coughs.*] ——— This unlucky Cough, I had rather have had a Fever at another Time. Sir, I shou'd be sorry to do you more Harm than Good upon this Occasion: If this Cough shou'd come upon me in the midst of the Action, [*Coughs.*] and give the Alarm to the Family, I shou'd not forgive myself as long as I liv'd.

Lor. I have greater Ventures than that to take my Chance for, and can't dispense with your Attendance, Sir.

Lop. This 'tis to be a good Servant, and make one's Self necessary.

Enter Toledo.

Tol. Sir, ——— I am glad I have found you. I am a Man of Honour, you know, and do always profess losing my Life upon a handsome Occasion: Sir, I come to offer you my Service. I am inform'd from unquestionable Hands, that Don Carlos is enraged against you to a dangerous Degree; and that old Alvarez has given positive Directions to break the Legs and Arms of your Servant Lopez.

Lop. Look you there now, I thought what 'twou'd come to; what do they meddle with me for? What have I to do in my Master's Amours? The old Don's got out of his Senses, I think; have I married his Daughter?

Lor. Fear nothing, we'll take care o'thee ——— Sir, I thank you for the Favour of your Intelligence, 'tis nothing however but what I expected, and am provided for.

Tol. Sir, I would advise you to provide yourself with good Friends, I desire the Honour to keep your Back-Hand myself.

Lop.

Lop. 'Tis very kind indeed. Pray, Sir, have you never a Servant with you cou'd hold a Racket for me too?

Tol. I have two Friends fit to head two Armies; and yet—a Word in your Ear, they shan't cost you above a Ducat a Piece.

Lop. Take 'em by all means, Sir, you were never offer'd a better Pennyworth in your Life.

Tol. Ah Sir,——little *Diego*——you have heard of him; he'd been worth a Legion upon this Occasion: You know, I suppose, how they have serv'd him.——They have hang'd him, but he made a noble Execution; they clapp'd the Rack and the Priest to him at once, but cou'd neither get a Word of Confession, nor a Groan of Repentance; he died mighty well truly.

Lor. Such a Man is indeed much to be regretted: As for the rest of your Escorte, Captain, I thank you for 'em, but shall not use 'em.

Tol. I'm sorry for't, Sir, because I think you go in very great Danger; I'm much afraid your Rival won't give you fair Play.

Lop. If he does, I'll be hang'd; he's a damn'd passionate Fellow, and cares not what Mischief he does.

Lor. I shall give him a very good Opportunity: for I'll have no other Guards about me but you, Sir. So come along.

Lop. Why, Sir, this is the Sin of Presumption; setting Heav'n at Defiance, making a Jack-pudding of a Blunderbuss.

Lor. No more, but follow. Hold! turn this way; I see *Camillo* there. I wou'd avoid him, till I see what Part he takes in this odd Affair of his Sister's. For I wou'd not have the Quarrel fix'd with him, if it be possible to avoid it. [Exit Lorenzo.]

Lop. Sir——Captain *Toledo*, one Word, if you please, Sir; I'm mighty sorry to see my Master won't accept of your friendly Offer: Look ye, I'm not very rich;

rich; but as far as the Expence of a Dollar went, if you'd be so kind to take a little care of me, it shou'd be at your Service.

Tol. Let me see: — A Dollar you say? But suppose I'm wounded?

Lop. Why you shall be put to no extraordinary Charge upon that: I have been Prentice to a Barber, and will be your Surgeon myself.

Tol. 'Tis too cheap in Conscience; but my Land-Estate is so ill paid this War-Time——

Lop. That a little Industry may be commendable; so say no more; that Matter's fix'd.

[*Exeunt Lopez and Tol.*]

Enter Camillo.

How miserable a Perplexity have I brought myself into? Yet why do I complain? Since with all the dreadful Torture I endure, I can't repent of one wild Step I've made. O Love! what Tempests canst thou raise, what Storms canst thou assuage? To all thy Cruelties I am resign'd: Long Years, thro' Seas of Torment, I'm content to roul, so thou wilt guide me to the happy Port of my *Lorenzo's* Arms, and blest me there with one calm Day at last.

Enter Isabella.

What News, dear *Isabella*? Methinks there's something cheerful in your Looks may give a trembling Lover Hopes. If you have Comfort for me, speak, for I indeed have need of it.

Isab. Were your Wants yet still greater than they are, I bring a plentiful Supply.

Cam. O Heav'ns! Is't possible?

Isab. New Mysteries are out, and if you can find Charms to wean *Lorenzo* from your Sister, no other Obstacle is in your Way to all you wish.

Cam.

Cam. Kind Messenger from Heaven, speak on.

Isab. Know then, that you are Daughter to *Alvarez*.

Cam. How! Daughter to *Alvarez*?

Isab. You are: The Truth this Moment's come to Light; and till this Moment he, altho' your Father, was a Stranger to it; nay, did not even know you were a Woman. In short, the great Estate, which has occasion'd these uncommon Accidents, was left but on Condition of a Son; great Hopes of one there was, when you destroy'd 'em, and to your Parents came a most unwelcome Guest: To repair the Disappointment, you were exchange'd for that young *Camillo*, who few Months after dy'd. Your Father then was absent, but your Mother quick in Contrivance, bold in Execution, during that Infant's Sickness, had resolv'd his Death shou'd not deprive her Family of those Advantages his Life had given it; so order'd Things with such Dexterity, that once again there pass'd a Change between you; of this (for Reasons yet unknown to me) she made a Secret to her Husband, and took such wise Precautions, that till this Hour 'twas so to all the World, except the Person from whom I now have heard it.

Cam. This News indeed affords a View of no unhappy Termination; yet there are Difficulties still may be of fatal Hindrance.

Isab. None, except that one I just now named to you; for to remove the rest, know I have already unfolded all both to *Alvarez* and *Don Felix*.

Cam. And how have they receiv'd it?

Isab. To your Wishes both. As for *Lorenzo*, he is yet a Stranger to all has pass'd, and the two old Fathers desire he may some Moments longer continue so. They have agreed to be a little merry with the Heats he is in, and engage you in a Family-Quarrel with him.

Cam. I doubt, *Isabella*, I shall act that Part but faintly.

Isab. No matter, you'll make amends for it in the Scene of Reconciliation.

Cam.

Cam. Pray Heav'n it may be my Lot to act it with him.

Ifab. Here comes Don *Felix* to wish you Joy.

Enter Don Felix.

Don Fel. Come near, my Daughter, and with extended Arms of great Affection let me receive thee. [*Kisses her.*] Thou art a dainty Wench, good faith thou art, and 'tis a mettled Action thou hast done: if *Lorenzo* don't like thee the better for't, God's my Life, he's a pitiful Fellow, and I shan't believe the bonny old Man had the getting of him.

Cam. I'm so encouraged by your Forgiveness, Sir, methinks I have some flattering Hopes of his.

Don Fel. Of his! I'gad and he had best, I believe he'll meet with his Match if he don't. What dost think of trying his Courage a little, by way of a Joke or so?

Ifab. I was just telling her your Design, Sir.

Don Fel. Why I'm in a mighty witty Way upon this whimsical Occasion; but I see him coming. You must not appear yet; go your way in to the rest of the People there, and I'll inform him what a Squabble he has work'd himself into here.

[*Exeunt Camillo and Isabella.*]

Enter Lorenzo and Lopez.

Lop. Pray, Sir, don't be so obstinate now, don't affront Heav'n at this rate. I had a Vision last Night about this Business on purpose to forewarn you; I dreamt of Goose-Eggs, a blunt Knife, and the Snuff of a Candle. I'm sure there's Mischief towards.

Lor. You cowardly Rascal, hold your Tongue.

Don Fel. *Lorenzo*, come hither, my Boy, I was just going to send for thee. The Honour of our ancient Family lies in thy Hands; there is a Combat preparing thou must fight, my Son.

Lop.

Lop. Look you there now, did not I tell you? O Dreams are wondrous things, I never knew that Snuff of a Candle fail yet.

Lor. Sir, I do not doubt but *Carlos* seeks my Life, I hope he'll do it fairly.

Lop. Fairly, do you hear, fairly! Give me leave to tell you, Sir, Folks are not fit to be trusted with Lives, that don't know how to look better after 'em. Sir, you gave it him, I hope you'll make him take a little more care on't.

Don Fel. My Care shall be to make him do as a Man of Honour ought to do.

Lop. What, will you let him fight then? Let your own Flesh and Blood fight?

Don Fel. In a good Cause, as this is.

Lop. O *Monstrum Horrendum*! Now I have that Humanity about me, that if a Man but talks to me of fighting, I shiver at the name on't.

Lor. What you do on this Occasion, Sir, is worthy of you: And had I been wanting to you, in my due Regards before, this noble Action would have stamp'd that Impression, which a grateful Son ought to have for so generous a Father.

Lop. Verily generous truly! gives him leave to be run thro' the Guts, for his Posterity to brag on a hundred Years hence. [Aside.]

Lor. I think, Sir, as things now stand, it won't be right for me to wait for *Carlos's* Call; I'll, if you please, prevent him.

Lop. Ay, pray Sir, do prevent him by all means, 'tis better made up, as you say, a thousand times.

Don Fel. Hold your tongue, you impertinent Jack-anapes, I will have him fight, and fight like a Fury too; if he don't he'll be worsted, I can tell him that. For know, Son, your Antagonist is not the person you name, it is an Enemy of twice his Force.

Lop.

Lop. O dear, O dear, O dear! and will no body keep 'em afunder?

Lor. No body shall keep us afunder, if once I know the Man I have to deal with.

Don Fel. Thy Man then is—*Camillo.*

Lor. *Camillo!*

Don Fel. 'Tis he; he'll suffer no body to decide this Quarrel but himself.

Lop. Then there are no Seconds, Sir.

Don Fel. None.

Lop. He's a brave Man.

Don Fel. No, he says no body's Blood shall be spilt on this Occasion, but theirs who have a Title to it.

Lop. I believe he'll scarce have a Law-Suit upon the Claim.

Don Fel. In short, he accuses thee of a shameful Falshood, in pretending his Sister *Leonora* was thy Wife; and has upon it prevail'd with his Father as thou hast done with thine, to let the Debate be ended by the Sword 'twixt him and thee.

Lop. And pray, Sir, with Submission, one short Question if you please; what may then gentle *Leonora* say of this Business?

Don Fel. She approves of the Combat, and marries *Carlos.*

Lop. Why, God a-mercy.

Lor. Is it possible? sure she's a Devil, not a Woman.

Lop. I—cod, Sir, a Devil, and a Woman both, I think.

Don Fel. Well, thou sha't have Satisfaction of some of 'em. Here they all come.

Enter Alvarez, Leonora, Carlos, Sancho, and Jacinta.

Alv. Well, *Don Felix*, have you prepar'd your Son? for mine, he's ready to engage.

Lor.

Lor. And so is his. My Wrongs prepare me for a thousand Combats, My Hand has hitherto been held, by the regard I've had to every thing of kin to *Leonora*; but since the monstrous Part she acts has driven her from my Heart, I call for Reparation from her Family.

Alv. You'll have it, Sir; *Camillo* will attend you instantly.

Lop. O lack! O lack! will no body do a little something to prevent Bloodshed? Why, Madam, have you no Pity, no Bowels? [*To Leonora,*] Stand and see one of your Husbands stoter'd before your Face? 'Tis an atrant Shame.

Leo. If Widowhood be my Fate, I must bear it as I can.

Lop. Why, did you ever hear the like?

Lor. Talk to her no more. Her monstrous Impudence is no otherwise to be reply'd to, than by a Dagger in her Brother's Heart.

Leo. Yonder he's coming to receive it. But have a care, brave, Sir, he does not place it in another's.

Lor. It is not in his power. He has a rotten Cause upon his Sword, I'm sorry he is engag'd in't; but since he is, he must take his Fate, For you, my Bravo, expect me in your turn. [*To Carlos.*

Car. You'll find *Camillo*, Sir, will set your Hand out.

Lor. A beardless Boy. You might have match'd me better, Sir: But Prudence is a Virtue.

Don Fel. Nay, Son, I wou'd not have thee despise thy Adversary neither; thou'lt find *Camillo* will put thee hardly to't.

Lor. I wish we were come to the Trial. Why does he not appear?

Jacin. Now do I hate to hear People brag thus. Sir, with my Lady's leave, I'll hold a Ducat he disarms you.

[*They laugh.*

Lor.

Lor. Why, what! ——— I think I'm sported with. Take heed, I warn you all; I am not to be trifled with.

Enter Camillo and Isabella.

Leo. You shan't, Sir; here's one will be in earnest with you.

Lor. He's welcome: Tho' I had rather have drawn my Sword against another. I'm sorry, *Camillo*, we shou'd meet on such bad Terms as these; yet more sorry your Sister shou'd be the wicked Cause on't: but since nothing will serve her but the Blood either of a Husband or Brother, she shall be glutted with't, Draw!

Lop. Ah Lard, ah Lard, ah Lard!

Lor. And yet before I take this Instrument of Death into my fatal Hand, hear me, *Camillo*; hear, *Alvarez*; all! I imprecate the utmost Powers of Heav'n to shower upon my Head the deadliest of its Wrath; I ask, that all Hell's Torments may unite to round my Soul with one eternal Anguish, if wicked *Leonora* ben't my Wife.

Omnes. O Lord, O Lord, O Lord!

Leo. Why then, may all those Curses pass him by, and wrap me in their everlasting Pains, if ever once I had a fleeting Thought of making him my Husband.

Lop. O Lord, O Lord, O Lord!

Leo. Nay more; to strike him dumb at once, and shew what Men with honest Looks can practise, know he's married to another.

Alv. And *Fel.* How!

Leo. The Truth of this is known to some are here.

Jac. Nay, 'tis certainly so.

Isa. 'Tis to a Friend of mine.

Car. I know the Person.

Lor. 'Tis false, and thou art a Villain for thy Testimony.

Camillo

Cam. Then let me speak; what they aver is true, and I myself was in Disguise, a Witness of its doing.

Lor. Death and Confusion! He a Villain too! Have at thy Heart. [He draws.]

Lop. Ah! — I can't bear the Sight on't.

Cam. Put up that furious thing, there's no Business for't.

Lor. There's Business for a Dagger, Stripling; 'tis that should be thy Recompence.

Cam. Why ther, to shew thee naked to the World, and close thy Mouth for ever — I am myself thy Wife —

Lor. What does the Dog mean?

Cam. To fall upon the Earth, and sue for Mercy, [Kneels and lets her Periwig fall off.]

Lor. A Woman! —

Lop. I-cod, and a pretty one too; you Wags you.

Lor. I'm all Amazement. Rise, *Camillo* (if I am ill to call you by that Name) and let me hear the Wonders you have for me.

Isab. That part her Modesty will ask from me: I'm to inform you then, that this Disguise hides other Myseries besides a Woman; a large and fair Estate was over'd by't, which with the Lady now will be re-ign'd you. 'Tis true, in Justice it was yours before; but 'tis the God of Love has done you Right. To him you owe this strange Discovery, thro' him you are to know the true *Camillo's* dead, and that this fair Adventurer is Daughter to *Alvarez*.

Lor. Incredible! But go on; let me hear more.

Don Fel. She'll tell thee the rest herself, the next Morn'g Night she meets thee in the Garden.

Lor. Ha! — Was it *Camillo* then, that I —

Isab. It was *Camillo* who there made you happy: and who has Virtue, Beauty, Wit and Love — enough to make you so, while Life shall last you.

Lor.

Lor. The Proof she gives me of her Love, deserves a large Acknowledgment indeed. Forgive me therefore, *Leonora*, if what I owe this Goodness and these Charms, I with my utmost Care, my Life, my Soul, endeavour to repay.

Cam. Is it then possible you can forgive me?

Lor. Indeed I can; few Crimes have such a Claim to Mercy; but join with me then, dear *Camillo*, (for still I know you by no other Name) join with me to obtain your Father's Pardon: yours, *Leonora*, too, I must implore: and yours, my Friend, for now we may be such. [*To Carlos.*] Of all I ask Forgiveness. And since there is so fair a Cause of all my wild Mistakes, I hope, I by her Interest shall obtain it.

Alv. You have a Claim to mine, *Lorenzo*, I wish I had so strong a one to yours; but if by future Services (tho' I lay down my Life amongst 'em) I may blot out of your Remembrance a Fault (I cannot name) I then shall leave the World in Peace.

Lor. In Peace then, Sir, enjoy it; for from this very Hour, whate'er is past with me, is gone for ever. Your Daughter is too fair a Mediatrix to be refus'd his Pardon, to whom she owes the Charms she pleads with for it.

*From this good Day, then let all Discord cease;
Let those to come be Harmony and Peace;
Henceforth let all our diff'rent Interests join,
Let Fathers, Lovers, Friends, let all combine,
To make each other's Days as blest as she will mine.*

FINIS.

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